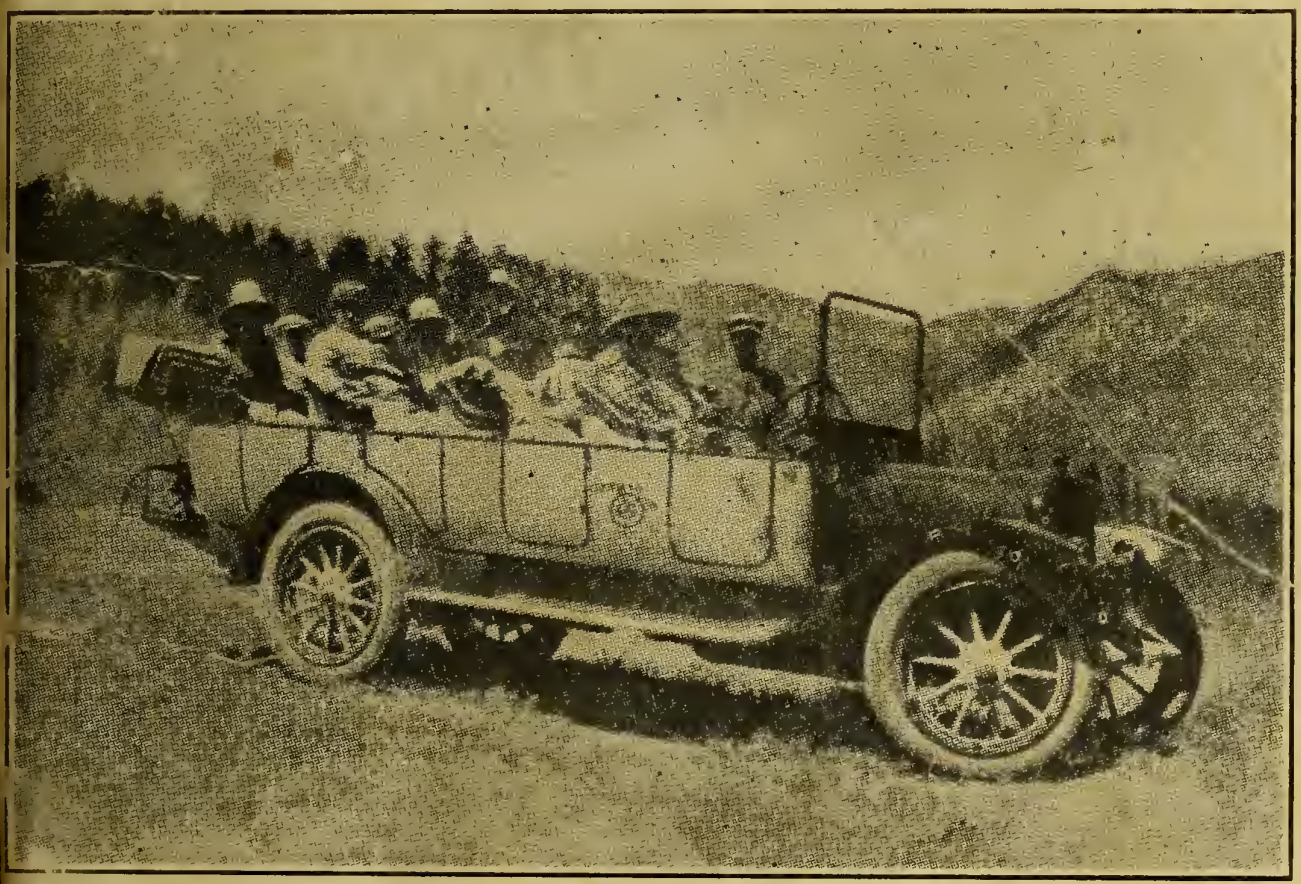
SEE PAGE 42—IT'S YOURS

TRUTHFUL LIES *of* YELLOWSTONE PARK AND A THOUSAND LAUGHS



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"Truthful Lies"

By C. VAN TASSELL
Bozeman, Mont.

FOURTH EDITION

PREFACE

To the Tourists of Yellowstone National Park

"Truthful Lies" is intended to give you an idea of what takes place while touring the Park. This booklet is gotten up from questions that have been asked the drivers, their answers to them, together with a lot of stories, pointers and advice.

"TRUTHFUL LIES"

HOW THE PARK GOT ITS NAME

The Yellowstone River was formerly called by the Indians Elk River, on account of the thousands of elk that roamed its banks. It was during the Lewis and Clark expedition, in 1807, that it got the name of Yelling Stone River, which happened in the following manner: A party of explorers, known as the Lewis and Clark expedition, were camped one night on the bank of a river. On seeing a band of elk coming down to water on the opposite side, and being nearly out of meat, one of the party by the name of Stone decided to ford the river to see if he could kill one. He succeeded in fording the river and after killing his elk, started back to camp, taking with him a hind quarter. On crossing the river, his horse stumbled, which threw him into the water. He managed by a hard swim to gain a pile of driftwood that had lodged in the river. His horse made its way to camp. The party, on seeing the horse coming in riderless and covered with water, started out to see if they could find out what had become of Stone. They finally heard him yelling, and found him lodged on a pile of driftwood in the middle of the river. Being after dark, and knowing how treacherous the river was, they decided to wait until daylight before trying to help him out. They asked him if he could stick it out until morning. He replied he guessed he would have to, seeing they could not do anything that night. The next morning, by the use of a couple of lariat ropes, they managed to get him to shore, when he told how he happened to get in such a fix. One of the party remarked that when it

came to yelling he had a set of lungs that would do credit to all the Indians on the plains, and gave him the name of "Yelling Stone," which was later used in regard to the river, and was finally called Yelling Stone River, but which has since been changed to Yellowstone.

The Yellowstone Lake was not discovered until several years later, and when it was decided to ask Congress to set aside this wonderful region as a National Park, it was then named Yellowstone Park.

The above story was given by Judge Clifford, an old-timer of the early sixties, and told to him by Yellow Leggins, a chief of the Crow Indians.

No. 1

TERMS AND DEFINITIONS USED

The terms (and the definitions thereof) to designate the different classes of help employed in the park are as follows:

First:—The Savages: Meaning all the two and four-horse drivers.

Second—The Wranglers: The herders who look after the horses.

Third—Barn Dogs: The help used in the barns.

Fourth—The Yardman: The one who hauls the garbage and cleans up around the back of the hotels.

Fifth—Six Horse Skinners: Men who drive six horses.

6th—Gear Jam-ers: The boys that drive the Yellow Cars.

7—Bell Hops: The bell boys.

8th—The Heavers: Girls who work in the hotels.

9th—Mulligan Dump: The mess house where the drivers eat.

10th—Queen of the Mulligan Dump: Applied to girls who wait table at the mess houses.

11th—The Swaddies: Soldiers in the park.

12th—Tackies: The horses.

13th—Rotten Logging: When the Savages and Heavers go out for a walk.

14th—Bear Dump: The garbage pile where the bears come to feed.

The tourists, or "dudes" as they are called, are divided into the following classes: Yellowstone Camps, the Transportation and Howard Eaton tourists are caled "dudes." Thus, if you go with the Transportation Co. you are known as a "Transportation dude," and so on.

The "dudes" are divided into two classes:

First—A "dude," meaning all male tourists; second, a "dude heaver," meaning all female tourists.

The "sage brush tourist" is a name given to all outside parties who have their own outfits and camp among the sagebrush.

No. 2

SOME OF THE QUESTIONS

Some of the questions that are asked the drivers (and yet you wonder why they sometimes get out of humor):

"Driver, how far do we go today?"
"When will we see a geyser?"
"Do all the geysers play?"
"How high do they go?"
"How many bears are there in the park?"
"When will we see a bear?"
"Are the horses afraid of bears?"
"Where do the bears go in winter?"
"How many kinds of bears are there?"
"Which is the largest?"
"Are the roads sprinkled all the way?"
"Why don't they use oil on the roads?"
"Do the geysers freeze up in the winter?"
"Where does that road go?"
"What did they build it for?"
"How many kinds of trees in the park?"
"Did the government plant all the trees in the park?"
"What makes some of them die?"
"Does it snow here in winter?"
"How deep does the snow get?"
"How far apart are the mile posts?"
"When will we come to another mile post?"
"Do they take the mile posts up after the park closes?"
"What are all the horses' names?"
"Do some of them ever die?"
"Which are the leaders?"
"Which are the wheelers?"

"Why do they call them leaders?"
"Why do they call them wheelers?"
"Did you ever have a runaway?"
"What would you do if they started to run away?"
"Do you ever get any tips?"
"How much do you get?"
"What do you do with all your money?"
"What is the driver's name in front?"
"What is the driver's name behind us?"
"How many drivers are there?"
"Where do they come from?"
"Are all the drivers married?"
"Is it hard to drive four horses?"
"How did you learn to drive four horses?"
"When will we be on a mountain?"
"Are all the mountains alike?"
"Which is the highest mountain?"
"How high is it?"
"When they are marking a trail, how do they know what tree to blaze?"
"When will we see it?"
"What kind of a load of people did you have last trip?"
"What did they look like?"
"Would you rather haul them or us?"
"Are all the girls that work in the park, school teachers?"
"Where do they all come from?"
"Where do they all go when the park closes?"
"How many girls have you?"
"When will you see her?"
"Will you show her to us?"
"Do all the girls have fellows?"
"How many soldiers are there in the park?"
"Do the prairie dogs dig their own holes?"

"Do the buffalo eat meat?"
"Is the grass natural or was it planted?"
"Are the boiling springs hot?"
And a thousand and one other questions that a driver is supposed to answer without losing his temper.

No. 3.

Pointers for the Tourist

The flowers are all wild, but harmless.

Some of the trees have to be fenced to keep them from leaving.

You can always tell the dog trees on account of their bark.

The roads don't go anywhere; they always stay in the same place.

All the boiling springs are hot, and don't freeze up in winter.

If you want to see a mountain lion, just look off in the distance and you can most always see a mountain lyin' somewhere in sight.

If you want to catch fish, fill a bottle with grasshoppers, cork it up, tie a string to it, throw it in the lake or river, and pull it towards shore. The fish, in trying to get at the hoppers, will knock their brains out against the bottle and float on top of the water, so all you need to do is to fish them out. The limit is twenty fish a day to a person.

You are liable to see pork sausage running along the side of the road most any time in the shape of a ground hog.

If you want to light your pipe or cigar and

are out of matches, just drop it, and you will find it will light every time.

All newly married couples, on retiring for the night, should be sure that the blinds are tightly closed, for the mountains peak.

All the rooms are thoroughly fumigated, but it is impossible to get rid of the bed ticks.

If the accommodations of the hotels don't suit you, throw the manager through a window; for in so doing you will cause him to take pains that he wouldn't have taken before.

KNICKNAMES BY WHICH SOME OF THE DRIVERS ARE KNOWN

1. Geyser Bob.
2. Dad Craft.
3. Wild Hog Bill.
4. Sitting Bull.
5. The Diree Kid.
6. Scattering Tom.
7. Bright Eyes.
8. Pento Kid.
9. Scattering Jesus.
10. Cracker.
11. The Robin.
12, Grandma.
13. Grandpa.
14. Roarie the Ox.
15. Three-Mile Bill.
16. Pike's Peak.
17. Curlie.
18. Blondie.
19. Yellowstone.
20. Dirty Dick.
21. Heaver Jones.
22. White Mountain Smith.
23. Society Red.
24. Teddie the Insect.
25. Few Clothes
26. Cherokee Kid.
27. Nigger Davis.
28. Earthquake Eddie.
29. Slim Clawson.
30. Spider Freshman.
31. Roaring Mountain.
32. Crying Jack.
33. The Big Moose.
34. My Boy Jene.
35. Spouting Bill.
36. Headlight.
37. The Magpie.

We are now ready for our tour of the park, and as the coaches leave the hotel with their loads, one of the first questions is:

"Driver, how long before we will see a geyser?" or, "what is the first thing we will see?"

Next the person who is on the seat with the driver will discover that one of the lead lines runs through a ring at the side of a "wheeler's" head, while the other one goes through a ring between the other horse's ears. And the question: "Driver, why does one line go on the side of this horse's head and the other one over that horse?" On being told that the near, or left-hand line, goes through what is known as a drop ring so as to keep from pulling the horse's bridle off, while the ring on top of the other horse's head is a line ring to sight through, so you can see if your horses are in line with each other and know that you are keeping in the road, the one who asked the question will then turn around and proceed to tell the people in the back seats what he has found out about the use of the two rings. By this time you have come to the first mile post, and someone will ask:

"Driver, are there mile posts all through the park?" On being told that there are, he will then want to know how far apart are the mile posts. On being told that they are one mile apart, he will reply, "I might have known that." You next come to a sign on a steel post set about four feet in the ground, at which someone will want to know if there are sign posts all along the road. On being told that there are sign posts at all places of interest, someone will ask: "Well, driver, how long before we come to the next sign post, and what will be on it?" Following your re-

ply that you think it is Golden Gate, and about a mile distant, someone will ask: "How long before we get there?" The answer: "About twenty minutes." Then comes the question, "What will we see when we get there?" and "You be sure and tell us, so we won't miss it!" About this time someone will ask: "Driver, do they take up the sign and mile-posts after the park closes?" The answer: "Why, of course, if they didn't they would get snowed under during the winter and the government would have to go to work and make new ones and have them ready to set out the next spring, as the other ones would be covered up with snow."

You next pass a tree with a strip of red and black tin about four inches wide and ten feet long, nailed to the side of it. And the question: "Driver, what is that tin on the tree for?" And the answer: "It is used as a snow gauge." Then they will want to know, "What's a snow gauge?" You tell them it is to find out how deep the snow gets during the winter. But someone will say: "I thought they didn't keep the park open in the winter?" You answer that they don't. Then the question: "Well, how can they tell how deep the snow gets?" You answer, "Oh, they register automatically with a wire running from the foot of the tree to the Mammoth Hotel." To this explanation she will reply: "Oh, is that it?" On one of the mile posts the altitude is not given, and then comes the question: "Driver, why didn't they put the altitude on that post?" The answer: "They did, but they had an earthquake along here which shook the figures off before they got dry, and they haven't got around to paint some more."

On your trip through the park you pass what

is known as Twin Lakes—one a deep green the other a deep blue. Someone asked, "Driver, what makes one of those lakes green and the other blue?" The answer: "I don't know what made the one green, but the blue one was caused by the wind." Then the question: "By the wind?" How?" The answer: "Well, you see, they had a wind storm along here one day and the wind blew it." On seeing a little brown animal along the road, a young lady inquired regarding the species of the animal. The driver answered: "That is what we call pork sausage." Then she wanted to know why they called it pork sausage. The driver answered: "Well, you see they are what is known as a ground hog, and isn't pork sausage ground hog?" Another young lady asked: "Driver, is the ground hog and a woodchuck the same?" On being told that they are, she then put the question: "Well, driver, how much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood?" He answers, "Oh, about as much dew, as a dew drop, drops, if dew drop, do drop, dew.',

A tourist, wanting to get his picture taken as a westerner, borrowed a saddle horse from a party of campers. He succeeded in getting on the horse, and just as his partner was getting ready to take the picture, one of the party hit the horse with a stone, which started him in to bucking, and threw the fellow off, causing him to light on the side of his head. His partner rushed up to him and asked if he was hurt. He sat up, rubbed his head, looked at the horse, which was still bucking, and replied: "No, I am not hurt, but, believe me, I got off just in time."

The Yellowstone Lake is about 25x18 miles, with over 100 miles of shore line. The first view

one gets of it is in rounding a sharp bend at Lake View, where you see the lake lying about 1,000 feet below you, and where you can look across it to the mountains which form its shore line 30 miles distant. It was in rounding this bend that a tourist asked the following questions: "Driver, where did all that water come from?" To which he replied: "Why, it was brought in from Snake River on pack horses." And then comes the question: "How long did it take them?" He replied: "Oh, about six weeks. They would have gotten through sooner but the horses got scared at a bear on one of the trips and ran away, spilling all the water, and they had to go back after another load, which took them about a week to make the trip." The party who asked the question replied: "Wasn't that too bad, to put them to so much trouble?" Another one of the party asked: "Driver, are there any fish in the lake?" He replied: "Oh, there are a few left. You see they had a big cloud-burst up here abqut a year ago, and drowned most all of them." The next question: "Driver, do you think I will be able to catch any?" To which he replied: "Oh, you might, if you took a guide along to show you where they are." A tourist asked the driver if there was a creek in the park by the name of Alum Creek. He replied that there was. Then she wanted to know if it were true that it would shrink up things if they get in it. He replied: "Is it? Well, I guess yes! You see, it used to be seven miles from there to the Grand Canyon Hotel, but since they started sprinkling the road with alum water it has shortened it up over three miles." She replied: "Why, I should think they would sprinkle all the road with alum water."

He replied, "Well, you see, if they did, it would bring things so near together that the company would have to give tourists a rebate on account of not taking them around the park." On passing a beaver dam, the driver was asked: "Now, there is a beaver dam, but where are the dam beavers?" He straightened up and replied: "I'll be damned if I know."

At another time a dark cloud was seen coming up in the west, and the driver remarked to the people on the front seat: "I'll bet we are in for a hail storm." A tourist sitting in one of the back seats overheard it, and asked: "Driver, did you say we were going to have a hail storm?" He replied: "I think so, by the looks of things." Then she asked: "Well, driver, what will we do if it starts to hail?" He replied: "Oh, we'll have a hail of a time" At which she got very angry and was going to report the driver as soon as they got to the next hotel. A driver, on being asked if the bears ever got very dangerous, replied: "Do they? Well, I guess so. Last summer one got ugly and they had to kill it, and when they cut it up they found it had eaten three hotel help, two barn dogs and seven tourists." The party who asked the question exclaimed: "Is that honest?" The driver answered: 'Well, if you don't believe me, just go out to the bear dump and see how long it will it take them to eat you." And the answer he got: "No, thank you, I'll take your word for it." A driver, on being asked, "Where is the best place to catch fish?" replied: "Well, I think either in the lake or river. You see, the only fish that are caught on land are the suckers, and I don't think you will find them in the park." The party who asked the question took the joke good-naturedly,

and asked: "Well, how big are the ones they catch in the lake?" The answer: "Oh, different sizes. When I was around here last trip they caught one out of the lake that took the water three days to fill up the hole they pulled him out of." He was then asked: "Is that the biggest one that was ever caught?" He replied: "Yes, sir, I think so. But two years ago one got stuck crossways in the river at the top of the upper falls and backed the water of the Yellowstone up for over ten miles before they got him straightened out and headed down stream, and when he went over the falls, which are 110 feet high, he stuck his nose on the bottom and his tail was sticking up over the top." The driver was then asked if he had ever tried to tell lies for a living. He replied that he had thought of it, but was afraid he would starve to death, so had given it up as a bad job.

The upper and lower falls of the Yellowstone are a quarter of a mile apart, and the driver was asked if the same water went over the lower falls that went over the upper. He replied that it did, only that there was more water going over the lower falls. The party who asked the question wanted to know how they could tell there was more water. He replied: "Well, you see, when the water goes over the upper falls it makes one drop, and when it goes over the lower falls it makes the second drop; so, you see, there is one drop more in the river after it goes over the lower falls."

No. 4.

An old freighter, on being asked if freighting wasn't pretty hard work, replied: "Nope, not so long as you got whisky, bailin' wire and bacon."

A driver was asked why he called his horse 'Happy," whereupon he gave this answer: "Well, you see, he kicked a blacksmith three years ago and broke his leg. They set it, but he was obliged to stay in the hospital two or three months, and when he got ready to walk, he couldn't. The doctor, being cross-eyed, had set the foot backward instead of forward, so when he went to step, one foot started one way, and the other, the other. They had to break it over and set it straight, which kept him in the hospital three months longer. He finally wound up by marrying his nurse, and they've lived happy ever since—all on account of being kicked by a horse."

A driver, when asked, "Will we leave the hotel after dinner?" replied, "Yes 'um, for I've no room in the coach to take it along."

The clock that hangs over the fireplace at Old Faithful Inn has a pendulum about twenty feet long, and two large weights extending from the face of the clock to about six or eight feet below the pendulum. A porter, on being asked, "Does that clock ever strike?" replied, "No, ma'am, it is perfectly harmless. It has never struck anyone yet."

A driver, while scratching his head one day, was asked, "Picking them out, are you, driver?" "Nope," he replied, "I am just taking them as they come."

At another time the driver was asked, "What makes the Yellowstone River so crooked?" to

which he replied, "Well, you see, it used to be straight, but it got on a 'bender' one night, and has been that way ever since."

A driver was asked if the tourists lose many things in traveling through the park, replied, "Oh, most everything but their appetite."

A party of tourists were discussing a newly married couple who claimed that they had known each other only two or three days before getting married. One of the party remarked that it must have been love at first sight, and asked the driver when he thought about it. He replied that "it must have been at first sight, for if the man had taken a second look, it's a cinch he wouldn't have fallen in love with her."

Being asked if the mosquitos ever got very bad, a driver replied, "Do they! Well, I guess yes. Why, it was only last summer that a party of Sage Brushers were going through the park, leading a cow and a calf behind the wagon. After supper they picketed the cow out to graze, and when they went to get her in the morning, the mosquitos had eaten the cow and were ringing the bell for the calf."

On approaching Old Faithful Inn, someone queried, "Driver, is it true that they didn't use any nails in building Old Faithful Inn?" To which he replied, "Yep," You see, they stuck it together with hot glue."

A Sage Brusher, touring the park, stopped at one of the hotels for dinner. The waiter, in taking his order, misunderstood him and brought him a dish of green peas. One of the party seated at the table noticed he didn't eat his peas, and remarked, "You are not very fond of peas, are you, Mr.——?" "Well, yes," he replied, "I like them

well enough, but it's too blamed hard to make them stay on my knife, so I never eat them."

A lady asked if anyone remained at the hotels during winter, and the driver replied that a man and his wife stayed at each hotel. She then wanted to know what they had to live on. The reply was: "Oh, you see, they live on soup. In the fall they make up several large kettles of different kinds of soup and let it freeze. So when they want a meal, all they have to do is just chop out a piece of frozen soup, thaw it out and their meal is ready." The party who asked the question replied, "Do you mean to tell me that's all they have to eat?" "Yes'um. But you see they have three different kinds—noodle, poodle and ki-oodle."

On your tour of the Park and about two and one-half miles this side of Old Faithful Inn, you pass a lot of dead pine trees. It was while passing these that a driver was asked the following question: "Driver, what killed those trees?" "Well ,you see," he returned, "three or four years ago a party consisting of two or three hundred school marms were touring the park. They stayed over a day at Upper Geyser Basin. In the afternoon they had a picnic and came down here to eat their lunch. About a week after they had gone, it was noticed that the trees began to die, and in less than a month they were all dead. A botanist was called to make an examination and found that during the time the picnic party was there they had talked the trees to death."

A number of tourists were telling riddles one day and asked the driver to give them one. "All right," he said. "What is smaller than a woman's foot?" They couldn't answer, so gave it up. The

driver replied, "Why, her shoe, of course." One young lady wanted to know how he made that out, and when he answered, "Well, don't you stick a No.5 foot in a No. 4 shoe?" the answer he got, in a rather sarcastic voice, was, "I certainly admire your judgment."

On beginning your tour of the park, the driver is given a way bill, which contains the names of the party he is carrying. At the first stop, Apollinaris Spring, the driver finds time to look at his way bill to see who he's hauling. It was during a stop here that a driver, in scanning his way bill, found he had in his party, besides two men and their wives, three ladies all billed as Miss. They were sitting in the back seat, and to judge by their looks they had been called Miss a good many years, in fact, some 30 or 40, more or less.

The next stop is at the Devil's Frying Pan. some eight miles further on. It was during this stop that a tourist in one of the leading coaches called back to ask if they had any eggs back there, remarking that if they did, he would get out and fry them. The driver answered, "I don't know, I might have. I've got three old hens on the back seat. I might ask and find out." Two of the ladies took the joke in good humor, but the third one was very indignant and declared that at noon she'd see that she got in another coach, where she wouldnt be called an old hen. The driver tried to apologize by saying he didnt mean anything by it, but all in vain. After dinner she asked the conductor of the party to put her in another coach, with the remark, "The other two can be called old hens, and I don't doubt but what

they are, but as for me, I'll tell anybody when I want to be called old."

On passing Roaring Mountain, which takes its name from the sound caused by escaping steam, someone asked the driver, "What makes them call it 'Roaring'?" "Well, you see, he said, "there used to be several dens of mountain lions up there and one day there was a land slide which closed up the mouth of the caves, and the lions have been roaring ever since, wanting to get out."

On the road from the Lake to the Canyon you pass a sign which reads, "Half a mile back from the road is the place where Major Spurgin let General Howard's wagon train down the steep side of the mountain. The marks burned in the trees by the ropes are distinctly visible." It was after reading this sign that someone asked, "Driver, are those wagons still down there? Didn't they ever bring them up?" At which he replied, "Oh, some of 'em, but they left most of 'em down there so the Nez Perce Indians couldn't find 'em when they were on their raid through the park in 1877."

A driver was showing his party some trees that had been cut down by beavers. He explained as best he could how they worked, built dams, and made houses. After he had finished, an old lady asked, "Driver, do the beavers climb the trees to cut them down?" His reply was, "No, only to cut them up."

A driver, on being asked how high Yellowstone Lake was, answered, "Oh, nearly eight thousand feet." The one who asked the question replied, "Why, isn't it higher than that?" The driver answered, "Nope, but they are going to move it about one thousand feet higher up the

mountain so as to give it a higher altitude, and make it the highest lake in the world."

A driver was showing his party some eagles' nests in the Grand Canyon, when he was asked if the eagles stayed there all winter. "No," he said, "I think they leave after the first snow falls and things begin to freeze up." One of the tourists wanted to know what they did with their nests when they went away. He was told: "Oh, they take them with 'em. You see, they fold up like an umbrella, so all they have to carry is one straight stick."

A tourist, on climbing a hill, got pretty badly winded. His wife asked, "What's the matter, dear? Are you all out of breath?" "No," he replied, "the breath is all out of me."

A driver, on being asked if they ever found any bedbugs in the hotels, said, "Why, I never heard of them finding any bedbugs, but they find a few hickies once in a while." The questioner wanted to know what in the world a hickey looked like. The driver replied, "Oh, they are a cross between a bedbug and a bumblebee. So you see, you are liable to get bit with one end and stung with the other."

On leaving the Lake Hotel one day a coach drove through a herd of some fifty or sixty cows that supply milk for the hotel. I twas while passing through the herd that a young lady asked, "Driver, to whom do all these cows belong?" He said he thought they belonged to the Hotel Association. She then wanted to know where they got all the milk and cream that was used at the different hotels, to which he replied, "Oh, the company has three or four hothouses at each hotel,

all planted to milkweed, and it is from them they get the milk and cream."

While coming up on the train from Livingston to Gardiner one day, a foreign Count, No Count, or Discount, was walking up the aisle of one of the coaches. On rounding a curve the train gave a lurch, which caused him to lose his balance, so that he sat down rather unexpectedly in an old lady's lap. He arose as soon as possible and taking off his cap, turned to the lady and said, "I thank you. I thank you." She, being pretty angry, replied, in rather a snappish voice, "Yes, you big fool, you had better thank somebody," at which he bowed and walked away.

On passing along the Lake one day, the driver was asked what kind of birds those were out on the lake. He replied that they were pelicans. One young lady asked, "Why, can they swim?" "Nope," he answered. "When they want to light on the water, they get life preservers from the government, so as to keep them from sinking."

When passing a road camp one day, a tourist, on seeing a grindstone standing by the side of the road, asked, "Driver, what is that grindstone for?" He replied, "That is what the bears use to sharpen their appetites on."

A soldier, asked if the hot springs and geysers froze up in the winter, replied, "Oh, yes, they all freeze up. Why it was only last winter that some soldiers were skating on a hot spring that had frozen over, when the ice broke, letting three or four of them into the water, and before they could get them out they were so badly scalded that it was nearly six months before they could leave the hospital." The one seeking the infor-

mation remarked, "Mercy, how they must have suffered."

A soldier, on being asked if it was true that the government killed four or five thousand elk every winter to keep them from starving, answered, "No, we don't kill them to keep them from starving, but we kill them to keep them from dying."

A driver, when asked his age, said that he was thirty-four years old. The one who asked the question replied, "Seems to me you are getting rather bald for a young man." "Well, you see," said the driver, "that is caused by changing shirts. Every time I pull a shirt over my head it rubs some of the hair off."

Martin Frank, a celebrated MY driver of the Blazed Faced Bays, says he was driving along the road one day when one of his "dudes," on seeing some loose horses grazing by the side of the road, asked, "Driver, what horses are those?" He answered, "They are camp horses belonging to some Sage Brushers." Just then one of the horses, in grazing, made two or three short jumps. One of the ladies in his party asked, "Driver, what in the world is the matter with those horses?" Look how they jump." To which he replied, "Why, they are hobbled." She then remarked, "Hobbled? Well, will they ever get over it?" "Yes," he replied, "as soon as they are taken off." And then she remarked, "Well, for pity's sake, who ever heard of anyone hobbling horses?"

A driver cut his hand so that it was necessary for him to go to the hotel and have the nurse dress it. In coming back through the hotel lobby, he met his load of tourists. They stopped him and wanted to know what was the matter with

his hand. He replied, "Oh, I hit the 'Grizzly Bear' over the head with the 'Old Oaken Bucket' to make him drop the 'Beautiful Doll' he had caught 'Down by the Old Mill Stream,' and the consequence was I bunged my hand up and had to have the nurse tie it up in 'The Mysterious Rag' to keep 'Everybody from Doing It.'" One of the party replied, "Oh, was that it? What became of the 'Beautiful Doll'?" This was the answer he got: "Oh, she died, 'Just as the Sun Went Down' and they buried her 'Neath the Shade of the Old Apple Tree'." He then asked, "What became of the 'Grizzly Bear'?" And the answer to that was, he was drowned while crossing the 'Old Mill Stream' and the last that was seen of him was going over the falls 'Way Down upon the Swanee River."

A driver, on being asked why he didnt cross a bridge, instead of fording the creek, replied: "Well, you see, there are a couple of sleepers under it and I hated to wake them up." On trying to pass a team which was rather slow in turning out, the driver shouted: "Get out of the road, or I'll take a wheel off of you." At which the other driver, who was a Dutchman, looked back and replied: "Aw, kome to hell; I guess I belong to the road shust as much as you do." A tourist on one of the coaches started to sing "Home, Sweet Home," but got badly off the tune. His wife asked him: "I'd like to know what kind of a noise you call that." He answered: "I was going to sing 'Home, Sweet Home'." His wife replied: "Well, if that's the way you are going to sing it, I'd quit." He replied: "Well, you see, I was going to sing it the way you make it when you are there." And what followed his remark

you'll have to guess. On going down a hill the driver applied the brakes so hard that it caused the hind wheels to slide. On seeing it an old lady cried out: "Oh, driver! Something is the matter with one of the hind wheels; it has stopped turning."

On passing a boiling spring the driver was asked: "How far down is that water hot?" He replied: "It used to be twenty feet, but is now only eighteen." Then the question: "What became of the other two feet?" The reply: "Well, you see, when the fellow went down to measure it, it was twenty feet, but when he came up he brought two feet with him, which only leaves it eighteen feet." On passing a frog pond the driver was asked: "Where do all these frogs come from?" He replied that the government raised them and sold them to the Pabst Brewing Company. Then they wanted to know what in the world the Pabst Brewing Company did with frogs. He answered: "Well, you see, they get the hops from them to use in making beer." On passing through a burned forest, the driver was asked: "What burned all the trees?" He answered: "I think a fire." The party who asked the question remarked to one of the tourists that the driver thought he had said something smart. On the way from Old Faithful Inn to the Thumb Station you go down what is known as the famous corkscrew hill, which is so crooked that you pass one place three times before you get by it, and then meet yourself on the road coming back. One time a party of young people started to walk down the hill, and when they got to the bottom they were so badly twisted that it took three days to get them straightened out. On leaving the

Grand Canyon on the return trip to the Mammoth, an old lady from New York asked the driver what he did after the park closed. He replied that he went back and joined the Salvation Army, that all he had to do was to play bass drum solos and shout for the Lord two or three times a day, and by doing so he was sure of a bed and three meals a day. When she arrived at the Mammoth, which ended her trip through the park, she gave the driver her card, with the remark: "Here, driver, is my card, and if ever you come to New York you be sure and hunt me up, and maybe I can get you a place in the Salvation Army." Now, who ever heard of a driver belonging to a Salvation Army or anything else that had any religion in it? Nobody, I am sure.

A tourist, being given a room with two beds in it, asked the girl at the news-stand for an alarm clock. She replied: "We haven't any. Just leave your call at the desk and they will call you whenever you want to get up." He replied: "No, that isn't it. You see my room has two beds in it and I want to sleep in one of them half the night and then be waked up so I can sleep in the other, to see which one I like the best." "Oh," she replied, "one of these beds isn't to sleep in." "Is that so? What's it for?" he queried. She answered, "It is put there in case you get thirsty. You see it has a spring in it." He replied, "Yes; and my watch has got a tick in it too.' "Well," she answered, "just put it in the spring and it'll be drowned by morning." At which he replied. "Some system," and walked away.

A tourist who asked, "Why do the eagles build their nests in the Grand Canyon?" received the following reply: "That is because, when

food grows scarce, they can feed their young on mountain scenery; and the Canyon is full of it."

A driver, on being asked, "How do you suppose they ever found the Park," replied: "Well, you see, back in the early '60's the settlers down along the Yellowstone River used to catch fish and some of them would be cooked on one side, and some on both. They kept coming on up the river and the closer they got to the Park the more boiled fish they caught. They knew there must be hot water somewhere farther up on account of catching so many boiled fish, and they followed the river up until they finally discovered the Park and the hot springs that emptied into the river."

A driver was asked: "Do the bears roost in trees?" replied: "No, not exactly. You see, they hang by their hind feet, head down, like a bat, so if any deer happen to pass under them, they can let go and drop on them; for that is the only way they have of catching their food." This lady replied, "Well, would they drop on a person?" "Sure," he replied, "if you didn't get out of the way." "Mercy," she said, "just see the trees we have walked under. Wasn't it lucky that they didn't drop on us?"

A young lady who asked, "Do the hot springs freeze up in winter?" received the following reply, "Oh, yes, most of them." She then asked, "Is the ice hot?" "Sure," the driver replied; "they cut it out in chunks and use it for foot warmers and hot-water bottles."

On leaving the Mammoth a driver was asked, "Driver, if we lean forward going up hill, isn't it easier on the horses?" He replied, "Sure; all

the same as leaning back going down; it helps hold the coach."

A driver stopped at a spring and asked his load if they wanted a drink. One young lady asked, "Why, is the water in the Park good to drink?" "No," he replied, "they just use it to put under the bridges."

A driver was wearing high-heeled boots when one of his party asked, "Do all you drivers wear high-heeled boots?" "Yes'm," he answered, "most of us." She then asked, "What do you have the heels so high for?" "Oh," he replied, "it helps raise our understanding."

When asked, 'What is the first thing you would do if you had a million dollars?' a driver replied, ''I'd hire a private secretary to help answer all the foolish questions that are asked me by the tourists."

On passing a lot of soldiers peeling trees, the driver was asked: "What are they peeling those trees for?" He replied, "To make telephone poles out of.'' The young lady wanted to know, ''Well, what are they peeling them for?'' He replied, ''So as to keep the bears from climbing them and walking on the wires.''

On the road from the Canyon to Norris you pass the Virginia Cascades. The road runs along the brink of a steep canyon, where you can look down for several hundred feet. It was in passing along here that one old maid asked: ''Driver, what do you suppose would become of us if we tumbled down there?'' He looked at her and grunted: ''Huh! We'd go to hell so damn quick the devil would think we had dropped in for a surprise party.''

On being asked, ''Do the horses ever lie

down?'' a driver replied, ''Oh, yes; you see we have to teach them, just the same as you do a dog.''

A driver was asked, ''If a deer and a bear should meet in the road, how would they get by each other?.. ''Oh,'' he replied, " they have two different ways. One is for the bear to climb a tree until the deer gets by, and the other is, the deer will jump straight up and let the bear run under him.'' The woman then asked, ''Well, how do they know which to do?'' ''Oh,'' he replied, ''they draw straws to find out.''

A driver had a very religious load and it happened to be Sunday. They were singing church songs. After one of the songs he was asked, ''You don't like hymns, do you, driver?'' He replied, ''No, I don't care very much for hymns, but I'm pretty strong for the hers.''

On seeing a lot of sea-gulls along the shore of Yellowstone Lake, a young lady asked: ''Driver, what kind of birds are those?'' He replied, ''They are sea-gulls.'' She then asked, ''Why, where did they come from?'' He answered, ''I guess from along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean.'' She then asked, ''Why, can they fly on land?'' ''No,'' he answered, ''they drifted in on a high tide and got stranded when it went out.'"

A driver, on being asked, ''Are the Western towns very lively?'' replied, ''You bet, some of them. But I know of one town where a fellow dropped dead in front of the postoffice on Monday and they never found him until the next Saturday.'' The lady asked, ''Why didn't they find him before?" "Well, he answered, "they were not looking for dead ones. Everybody is trying to land a live one and they pass the dead ones up.''

She wanted to know the name of the town and he told her Gardiner. She replied, ''Well, I am glad we don't stop there.'' He answered, ''Oh, I guess you would be safe enough. You don't look like a live one to me.''

On meeting two young ladies walking along the road from one of the Yellowstone camps, the driver was asked, ''Where are those girls going?'' He replied, ''Nowhere, I guess. They are just out for a walk.'' The questioner went on: ''Why, is it safe for girls to be out alone like that? Won't anything get them?'' He answered, ''Why, sure, it's safe. The only thing that is liable to lay hands on them would be a watch, and those are always kept chained up."

A driver, on being asked how cold it got in the Park in the winter, made reply: ''Oh, some winters it gets to be 40 and 50 below. The ice on the Yellowstone Lake and River gets to be three or four feet thick.'' ''Why, what do the fish do when the ice gets that thick?'' ''Oh,'' he replied, ''they beat it up in the warm springs and pools, and stay there until the ice thaws out in the spring.'' The lady replied, ''Why, I never knew that. Isn't it funny how they know where to go?''

A driver was asked if he had a watch. "Yes'm. I've got a watch with all the modern improvements of the day.'' The lady asked to see it and the driver handed it to her. She looked it over, handed it back and said, "Why, I don't see any improvements. It looks just like any other watch. What are they?" "Well, you see," he replied, ''it has wheelbarrow movements, States prison escapements, automoile attachments, flying-machine arrangements and submarine adjustments."

She replied, "Mercy, is that all?'' ''No,'' he answered, ''it has a few more, but I forget the names of them.''

A driver, in describing Old Faithful Inn, happened to mention the large clock that hangs over the fire-place. One young lady wanted to know if it ran. ''Yes'm,'' he replied, ''it will run eight days without winding.'' ''Oh,'' she said, ''will it? Well, how long would it run if they'd wind it?'' ''Oh, till it runs down,'' he answered.

When asked by a young lady, ''Are there any rattlesnakes in the Park?'' a driver replied, "Not now, but there used to be lots of them.'' ''What has become of them?'' she asked. He told her they became extinct fighting among themselves. ''Why, how do they fight?'' she questioned. ''Well, you see,'' he replied, ''they grab each other by the tail and keep swallowing until there is nothing left. In other words, they swallow each other.'' ''Yes,'' she replied. ''Suppose there had been one extra snake, what became of him?'' ''Oh,'' he answered, ''he just grabbed his tail in his mouth and swallowed himself.'' She then asked, ''isn't it hard for you to sleep after telling such lies?'' ''No,'' he answered, ''I lie more or less every night.''

On being asked, "You are pretty fond of the girls, hain't you, driver?'' he replied, "Oh, yes, I am just like Jesus. I love them all."

On the road from the Upper Basin to the Yellowstone Lake you cross the Contintental Divide, with an elevation of 8,345 feet. The road then goes down the famous Corckscrew Hill, where you make forty-two turns and drop nearly seven hundred feet in the next mile. It was in going

down this road that the driver was asked, "Do they ever have any runaways down this hill?" "No," he replied, "I never heard of one, but they had a mix up once at the top of the hill." He was then asked if anyone was hurt, "Oh," he replied, "a dude got bunged up a little, I think." "Where did he get hurt?" was the next question. The driver replied, "I just told you, on the Continental Divide." A young lady who was sitting next to him burst out laughing, and then he saw the blunder he had made.

A tourist received a telegram that his mother-in-law had died and they wanted him to come home at once. The next morning, in loading up, the driver missed one of the party and asked where he was. He was told that he had received a telegram that his mother-in-law was dead and they wanted him to come home. The driver thought a minute and then replied, "Well, he is sure going to a lot of dead expense."

In telling riddles one day, the driver was asked to give one. "All right," he replied, "What is it a woman can have and a man can't?" Two old maids sitting next to him got very red in the face, whereupon the driver remarked: "Well, it hain't what you think it is. It ain't a baby, I'll tell you that much." After trying to think it out they gave it up and asked him what it was. He replied, "Why, a husband, of course." One of the old maids remarked, "Well, that isn't our fault, that we haven't got one." And the driver, being a married man, never took the hint.

On the road from the Mammoth to the Buffalo Corrals you pass by the Government Cemetery. It was while traveling this road that a driver was asked, "Driver, what is that place down

there?" He replied, "That's the cemetery." Then came the querry, "Do they bury you drivers down there?" "Well, you see," he replied, "it was made for that purpose. You know when a driver hires out he is under oath to always tell the truth or be shot at sunrise. And as they couldn't catch a driver in a lie to start a cemetery, they had to take three or four soldiers out and shoot them before they could get it started, and I guess maybe there is a driver or two buried there now." The woman replied, "Well I know of another that ought to be buried there." And he answered, "Yes, and what a hell of a time he'd have if he was."

A tourist got her coat muddy climbing on the coach and asked, "What will take the spots off of my coat?" The driver answered, "I know." She asked him what. He replied, "The tailor who does cleaning and pressing at the next hotel." She got very angry and replied, "Oh, is that so? Thank you." "You're welcome," he answered. And then, Oh, gee! how mad she got.

A tourist and his wife got in an argument and as he was getting the best of it, she remarked, "Oh, shut up. You're crazy." "Yes," he answered, "I sure must have been or I wouldn't have married you." And then the fight was on.

A driver, being asked, "What makes a horse turn around three or four times before he lies down to roll?" replied, "Oh, that is because one good turn deserves another."

Dad Craft, an old Park driver and a favorite among the boys, was sitting in front of the Mammoth barn one day, when a fellow whom he had not seen for several years walked up to him and said in a rather loud voice, "Hello, Dad. How are

you?" Dad looked up and replied, "What do you think I am—a telephone?" "No,'" the fellow answered. "You got too many wheels in your head for a telephone. You'd make a better alarm clock." Old Dad spit out a chew of tobacco, looked up at him and replied, "The hell! Is that so?" And then they shook hands.

A driver was telling about a duck hunt he was on and finally wound up by saying he killed eighteen ducks at one shot. One of the party asked him why he didn't shoot twice and get thirty-six. "Well," he answered, "I couldn't. I killed them all at the first shot."

An old maid, in telling her age, wound up by saying, "I've seen but twenty-four summers in my life." The driver remarked, "Oh, is that so? Well, how long have you been blind?" And then she did fog.

Old Faithful is noted for its braces and banisters. Every one is made out of crooked logs of all shapes and angles. A tourist asked the driver how they got the logs so crooked and some of them with so many knots on them. "Well, you see," he replied, "that's easy. They just took the seeds and bent them the way they wanted the trees to grow. And the knots they got by hitting the seeds over the head with a club. You know if you get hit on the head what a knot it leaves." And she replied, "I don't know whether to believe you or not."

When asked if the bears ever fought among themselves, a driver replied, "Oh, yes; they have a set-to every once in a while." The lady then asked, "Did you ever hear one growl?" "Yes," he answered, "I believe I have." She then wanted to know what it sounded like. "Oh, he replied,

"it sounds more like a mad woman than anything else." She replied, "Well, I would hate to hear a mad man howl." "Yes," he answered, "so would I, if it sounds anything like a mad woman, for that's awful."

A driver asked which was the best seat to ride on, replied, "The back one, every time." The party then asked, "Why is it better?" They all look alike." "Yes, you see," the driver answered, "in sitting there no one can talk behind your back. as all the rest of the seats are in front of you."

On being asked where so many tall girls came from, the driver answered, "Most of them come from Missouri." They then wanted to know what makes them so much taller down there. "Well, you see," he replied, "the country is so hilly that just before they get to the top of one hill they begin to stretch out, so as to look over the top and see what kind of a country is on the other side. And the result is they stretch themselves all out of shape."

A waitress was once asked, "Had you noticed that these tooth-picks are a little sticky?" "No," she replied. "I'll go and get a damp cloth and wipe them off." Finally she tumbled to what the joke was.

A driver, while currying one of his horses, got kicked, so he was unable to go to the hotel that night. One of the tourists, on seeing the other drivers there, asked, "Where is our driver? Isn't he coming over?" "No," was the answer. "He got kicked by one of his horses." The party then asked, "Is that so? Where did he get kicked?" And the driver answered, "Around the back side of the barn." The party remarked, "Well, that's

a funny place to get kicked." "Yes,' the driver said. "You would have thought so if you had seen him hobbling off to the bunk house."

A driver was asked, "Are there many wolves in the Park?" "Yes," he replied, "quite a good many." The woman then wanted to know if they would chase you. "Will they?" he replied. "Well, I guess, yes. Why, it was only last winter that one of the scouts, while going into Yellowstone got chased by a pack of about fifty." She then wanted to know if they caught him. "No," he replied, "he got away." "How did he do it?" she wondered. "Well, he answered, "it was like this: Whenever they got too close to him, he would turn around and shoot into the pack, killing one or two of them; the others would then jump on them and eat them up, which gave him time to get away. When they would get too close again, he would turn and shoot two or three more and the rest of the pack would eat them. He kept killing them off until there was only one left, and, being out of ammunition, he beat it into Yellowstone. The one that was left didn't seem to be very hungry and did not follow him." She then asked what became of the rest of them. "Well, he answered, "every time he killed one, the others would eat him up, thus leaving one less in the pack." She replied, "Well, what became of the other forty-nine?" "Why," he answered, "the live ones would eat the dead ones that he had shot and killed and the only way he could figure it out was, the one that was not killed had eaten the other forty-nine." She then asked, "Where do you expect to go when you die, for telling such lies?" and he answered, "Search me. How in hell do I know?"

Two women were talking one day about their husbands. One of them asked, "What size hat does your husband wear?" The other one replied, "I don't know, but I think about 28. He wears a 42 coat and a 16-inch collar, but I never asked him about his hat."

On one of the cars was a religious old maid of about forty-nine years. She was always quoting scripture, psalms, epitaphs and a lot of other dope, or whatever you call it. Finally she wound up by asking the driver, "Are there any churches in the Park?" He replied, "Yes'm. There is one at the Mammoth." She then asked, "Do you drivers ever attend?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "quite often. I was going to church last Sunday night, only I didn't get out of jail in time." She looked at him over the top of her glasses and said, "What were you doing in jail?" "Oh, nothing," he answered; "only just standing there looking through the bars, wishing I was out." She then asked, "What did you do to get there?" He replied, "I got in jail for going to church." Then she did get excited and said, "Why, I don't understand." "Well, you see," he replied, "it was like this. I had seen the outside of a church a good many times and wondered what the inside looked like. So finally, one Sunday night, I up and goes to church. After they had done a lot of singing, praying and took up a collection, the preacher got up and, opening a book, said, 'The Lord helps them that helps themselves.' I sat there and took it all in and as I was going out I spied a nice, gold-headed umbrella setting in a corner. I remembered what the preacher said, 'The Lord helps them that helps themselves,' so I just helped myself to it. The next thing I knew they come

around and threw me in jail for stealing the umbrella. And believe me, I haven't been to church since." She looked at him and said, "You didn't understand the meaning of his sentence." "No," he replied, "and I hain't going back to find out, either." At which she gave a sigh and went into a trance, thinking how heathenish a driver must be.

A driver once asked another, "Are you a married man or are you a dog?" He replied, "I am a married man." Then the first driver said, "It's all the same. You're leading a dog's life, anyway."

A tourist once asked if it were true that mountain sheep lighted on their horns when jumping from one cliff to another. "Why, yes," was the answer. "I have seen them jump straight down and light on a cliff three or four hundred feet below." The tourist then asked, "But doesn't it hurt them when they light on their horns that hard?" "No," came the reply. "They have a kind of brake they put on just before they light and that slows them up, just the same as you would an auto." "My." she said. "I hope we get to see one." "Yes," he answered, "we might, if you keep a lookout along the side of the cliffs and rocks." And the poor girl looked in vain.

A driver was asked, "How deep is the Grand Canyon?" "Oh," he replied, "all the way from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet." His questioner replied, "Why, I thought it was lots deeper than that." "No," he said, "but I know one that is so deep that if you holler down it the words 'Get up' just before you go to bed at night, the echo will come back at six o'clock in the morning and wake you with the words, 'Get up.'" "What does

that?" she asked, to which the driver said, "The Canyon is so deep that it takes all night for the echo to get to the bottom and return. So all you have to do is to holler down it at night and the echo will come back and awake you in the morning."

A tourist walked over to a piano in one of the hotels and, after fooling with the keys, started in to sing. She sang several songs which no one could understand, but which were heartily applauded. The next morning, as the cars were pulling out, the driver was asked, "Did you hear that lady singing last night?" "Yes'm," he answered. He was then asked, "She's a voice just like a bird, don't you think so?" "Yes," he replied, "it reminds me more of a hoot owl than anything I've heard for a long time."

On one of the menus the word ox-tail soup appeared. In giving his order the driver said, "Bring me a bowl of that ox-tongue soup." The waitress replied, "That is ox-tail soup, not ox-tongue." "Well," replied the driver, "it's all the same, only I got the wrong end of the ox in the soup."

A tourist once asked, "Driver, what's the easiest way to catch fish?" Here's the answer he got: "Just hunt around until you find one asleep, then put some chlorform on a piece of cotton; hold it under its nose and you can catch them every time."

A Driver was asked, "Do you ever take any kodak pictures?" "Why, yes, he answered. "I've tried to take several, but they always catch me at it so we quit trying.''

AROUND YELLOWSTONE PARK

To the Tune of Casey Jones

Come all you Tourists if you want to know,
The things you see as around the loop you go,
You'll find the Driver is your friend
And will stick by you from beginning to end.
You leave the Mammoth at exactly eight
See the Terraces, the Hoodoos, and Silver Gate;
Golden Gate, and the Rustic Falls—
Electric Peak is the highest of all.
Swan Lake Flat and the Apollinaris Spring,
Obsidian Cliff is a wonderful thing.
The Roaring Mountain, and the Frying Pan,
Norris Geyser Basin and the Minute Man.
Gibbeon Meadows and the Gibbeon Falls—
The Fire Hole Cascades are the best of all.
Old Fountain Hotel and the Mammoth Paint Pots,
Hell's Half Acre is a-mighty hot.
Morning Glory and the River Side,
The Grotte, The Giant, and the Black Sand Drive;
The Daisy, The Punch Bowl, and Black Sand Pool
Sunlight Basin where its never cool.
The Handkerchief Pool, and the Cliff Spring—
Emeral Lake is a Beautiful thing.
The Curio Store and the Picture Shop—
Old Faithful Inn is a noon-day stop.
Old Faithful Geyser is a waiting for you,
Now follow the Guide whatever you do.

Then the Yellowstone Camps Co. and the Keppler Cascades
The Lone Star Geyser where side-trips are made.
Spring Creek Canyon, The Great Divide—
The Corkscrew Hill with the Crooked Ride.
Shoshone Point and then Lake View,
The Thumb Lunch station and you're half way through.
Fishing Cone, then over the hump—
The Lake Hotel and the Big Bear Dump.
The Curio Store and the Lake Camp too,
Then the Mud Geyser where hell's broke through.
The Hayden Valley, and the N. P. Sign—
Grand Canyon with its Falls sublime.
Dunraven Pass is the next I guess
Where the road's so narrow that you hold your breath.
The Tower Falls and the Palasades—
The Black Tail Road where the time is made.
Upper Gardiner and the Undine Falls,
Then into the Mammoth and we've told you all.
And, as on your journey go,
Remember the Driver of the yellow (White) Auto.
How it was He, with his experienced hand
That drove you safely through Wonderland.

TO THE DRIVERS OF YELLOWSTONE PARK

The drivers are old and experienced,
  The best that's found in the West,
They're careful, safe and obliging,
  And to please you they'll do their best.
And when you start on your journey,
  Here's a little tip for you—
Keep cool and trust the Driver,
  For it's He who knows what to do.

ROTTEN LOGGING IN THE PARK

A Swaddie and a Heaver went for a stroll one night,
They went out rotten legging, and the moon was shining bright.
They went out in the timber where they could love and spoon,
And the only thing that saw them was the man up in the moon.

They talked to one another of the happy hours they'd spent,
Of the different things he'd bought her, until he didn't have a cent.
She had no use for Savages, she said; they'd never do,
That the only one she cared for was her little boy in blue.

And that's the way you'll find it, no matter where you go;
That the olive drab and the boy in blue is the one that stands a show
Of catching a Yellowstone Heaver whene'er they hit the Park.
It's "Oh, you Kid," in the morning and rotten logging after dark.

A TRIP TO WONDERLAND

Far away from the croweded cities,
  Where the bright lights gleam after dark—
Lies the world's greatest summer resort—
'Tis known as the Yellowstone Park.
Situated among tall, lofty mountains,
  With its grandeur and scenery sublime,
Lies the ideal spot of America,
  Where life is enjoyed at all times.

Don't stay in the crowded cities,
  Where the pavements warp with heat,
But come where the white-caps break on Yellowstone Lake
  And the breeze is cool and sweet.
You'll miss not the honk of the auto,
  Or the noises that never end.
As you dream life away through the cool summer days,
  With the pleasure of sunshine and friend.

You'll note not the cloud on the mountain
  That shuts out the sun's bright light,
Nor care for the style of the car,
  If the man at the wheel is white;
For your life is filled with pleasure
  From daylight until dark,
As the time flits away each cool summer day,
  While touring in Yellowstone Park.

THE CLOSING OF THE PARK

The Heavers have all left bats' alley,
And the Old Hotel grows dark;
The Savages have quit the formation,
They have all gone out of the park.
Then all that's left are Barn Dogs—
For the coaches to store away—
And the tackies are roaming on Blacktail
The rest of the autumn days.

The geysers still play in the distance;
The Yellowstone flows on its way;
The Wranglers are rounding up horses,
Lest they too far should stray.
The elk come down from the mountains,
On their winter range to go;
And the park is closed for the season,
With its forest and ice and snow.

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